

Chapter 43

From the moment Ted entered, Stanley's gaze never left him.

Ted took a seat and asked, "Why are you staring at me? Is there something on my face?"

Stanley remained silent, merely picking up a glass of water and taking a sip.

Looking at Stanley, Lester sighed internally. Stanley had invited everyone to dinner today after he saw the picture of Iris getting into Ted's car yesterday. These two things were clearly related.

Stanley probably wanted to know what transpired after Ted drove Iris home.

Lester decided to bring it up himself. "Ted, did Iris arrive home safely last night?"

Ted leaned back in his chair, responding confidently, "Of course."

He then glanced at Stanley, feeling unhappy at the thought of Iris living near Stanley's law firm. Perhaps Iris couldn't move on that easily because they were together for seven years. Did she still have feelings for Stanley?

To ease his own discomfort, he stood up, opened a bottle of wine, and poured himself a glass before pouring one for Stanley. "Care for a drink?"

Stanley accepted the gesture and picked up the glass.

Ted downed the entire glass, feeling the warmth of the alcohol burn down his throat and into his stomach.

He furrowed his brow tightly and looked up at Stanley. "Do you regret it?"

Stanley asked nonchalantly, "Regret what?"

"The divorce."

With an unreadable expression, Stanley slowly raised his gaze. "Did she ask you to ask me that?"

"No, I just wanted to know. It has nothing to do with her," Ted replied, a hint of annoyance creeping into his voice.

Stanley chuckled, "Looks like things aren't going well for you."

Oddly enough, Stanley felt a sense of satisfaction.

Ted humphed and said, "Looks like you already know that she's staying near your law firm."

Surprise flickered in Stanley's eyes. He did not know that. Iris was staying near his law firm? Was it so that she would run into him? Was she trying to create a chance encounter to reconcile?

Suddenly, Stanley recalled the time he saw Iris near his law firm not long ago. He knew it; she still loved him. How could she possibly let go of seven years of love that easily?

He served Ted some food, commenting, "Unfortunately, Ted, you're not her type."

Ted didn't know what to say.

That statement struck him hard. Frustrated, he poured the food Stanley had served him into the trash can. "I can serve myself; my hands are working just fine."

The angrier Ted grew, the more pleased Stanley seemed. "Chill, man. Anger isn't good for your health."

"Tsk." Ted retorted, "Stop being so smug. Even if Iris still has feelings

working just fine."

The angrier Ted grew, the more pleased Stanley seemed. "Chill, man. Anger isn't good for your health."

"Tsk." Ted retorted, "Stop being so smug. Even if Iris still has feelings for you, you're already divorced. You haven't admitted your mistakes or tried to mend things. She'll get over you eventually. I've waited eight years; what's two more? I can wait until she completely gives up on you and accepts me."

Stanley stared at Ted for a few seconds. "How devoted."

"You think everyone's like you?" Ted shot back.

Stanley's expression grew darker.

Sensing the tension, Lester quickly changed the subject. He elbowed Henry beside him and said, "Hey, where did you go last night after you left with Yvonne?"

Henry, who was texting, paused, looking up to survey the others before replying, "A passionate man and a woman in need of comfort after a breakup, left the bar together – Where do you think we went? Of course we went somewhere to mend her heart. The best treatment is naturally to be intimate with each other without any barriers." 1

As he finished speaking, he sent a message: [Do you want to meet again tonight?]

An exclamation mark appeared next to the message.

Lester glanced at his phone and chuckled mischievously. "You got blocked? Looks like your performance last night wasn't up to par."

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Henry was speechless.

He tossed his phone aside. "Heartless wench."

"Wow, she got you so worked up?" Lester remarked with a teasing grin.



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